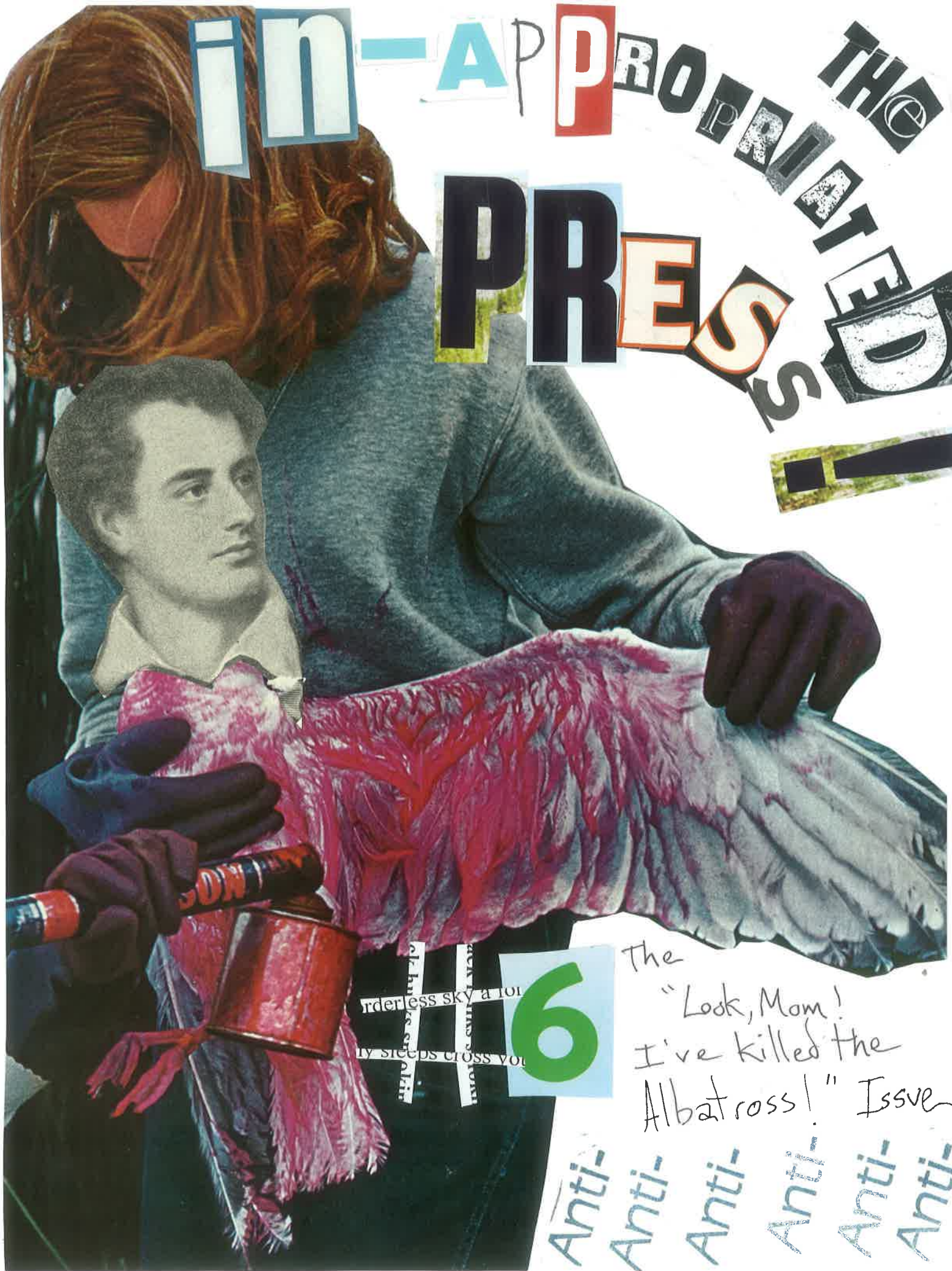


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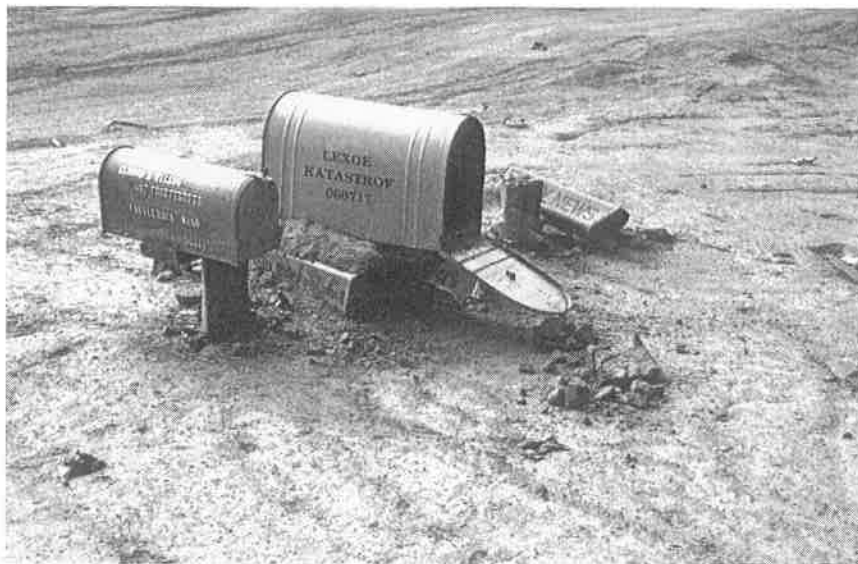
6

The
"Look, Mom!
I've killed the
Albatross!" Issue

Anti-
Anti-
Anti-
Anti-
Anti-

[fill in the blank] Dimension of The Pee Experience

THE IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS



Lexoe & Wilhelm Katastrof

Go to <https://archive.org/details/Landslide-LexoeKatastrof2017> to listen to noise piece

The False History of Trash Art is [fill in the blank]

Featuring:

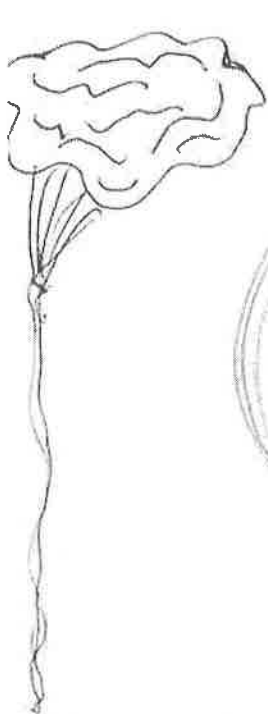
Lexoe
Edwin Birch
Wilhelm Katastrof
Jim Leftwich
Joe Abel
Olchar E. Lindsann
Musicmaster
Sian Baxter
Amy Oliver
Bailey Bowers
William Repass
Juanita Chriss
Megan Blafas-Chriss
John M. Bennett
C. Mehrl Bennett
Evan Damerow
Donald W. May
Warren Fry

Perpetrated with GustUPo
in Roanoke, Virginia



June A.Da. 101/A.H. 187
(2017 for Lame-os)

Submit yr shit to: monoclelash@gmail.com

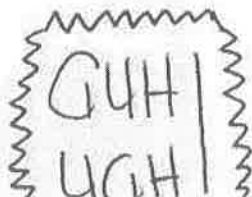


BRAINS!!!

embroider this!



Flying
Brains



Megan Blafas-Chriss

[fill in the blank] statements by
C. Mehrl Bennett scattered throughout

WET FLOOR

throw caution to the wind chamber

garb frippery sluice gape gauze inducing goosestep colon

sweeper pheromonal moan al denté carbonaric

olives squinch and spume and

splatter in whooping gobs broth reflecting outside mark

tracked in trucked in manure pet peeve port hole

fur burn imploring emigré spear head

velveteen ropes sag power line like between

stanchions a slippery slope the viscera slopping

pulverized to slime by ickle boot heel tyres

parquet like strips of

carne a glowing quiver flabrous

sordid under ultra violet orchids gore stampled scrapple slurp

menstrual caftan zone but bucket-bucket chains foaming up it

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flag stab

fuchsia polyp

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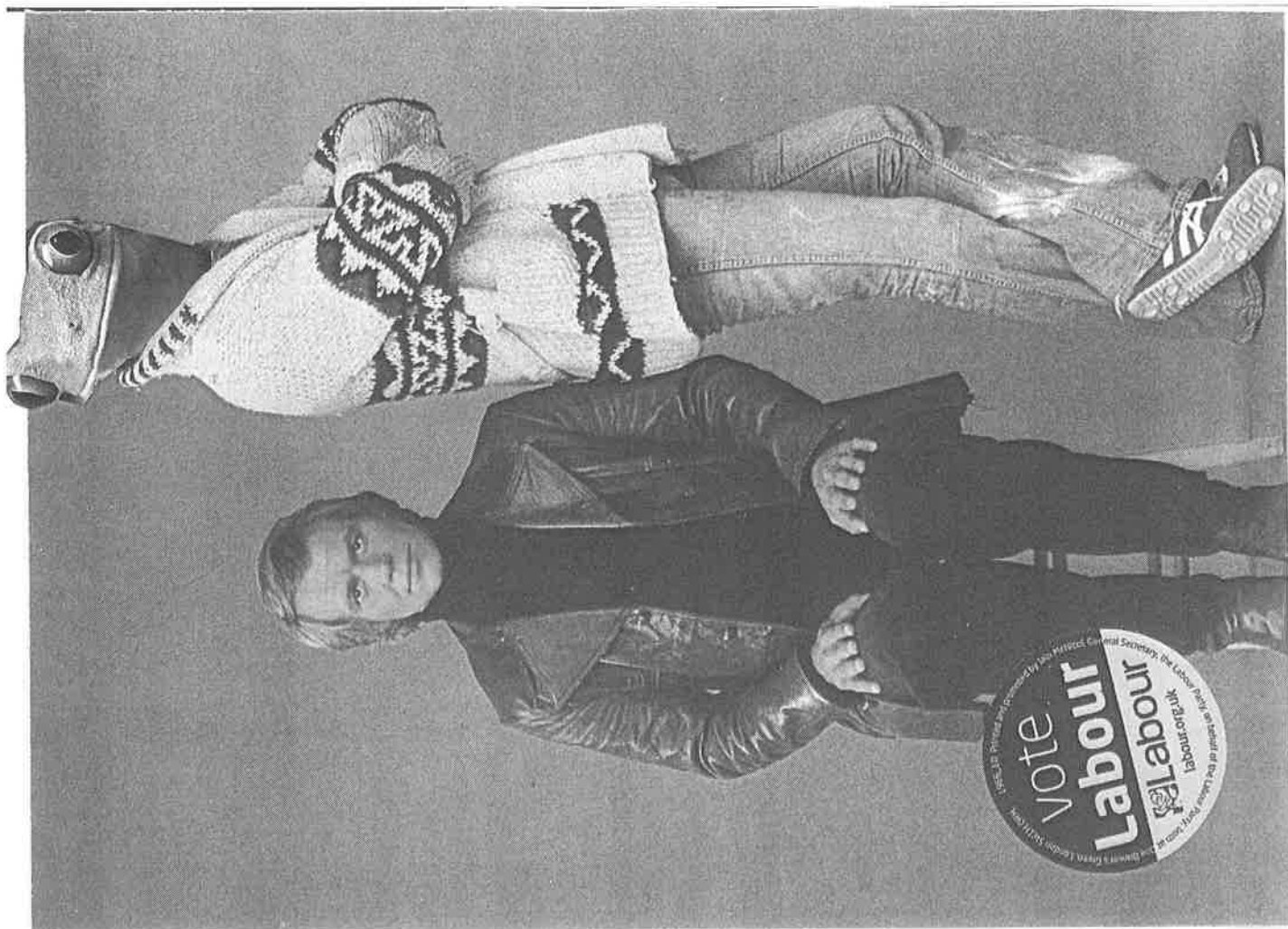
sheer sheeny plaque the gates all sluiced up until

only SUET LORE slips through

William Repass

Edwin Birch

Vim Vom Vim Vom



foretext

f eel me f eet o
hendoscopic ssnore
RELAPSANT ARMPIT
an yr rendospoon oñ
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(J-M de Heredia) 's hot
ice replied yr eyes
seal my teeth yr
whirl relearned a Boy
Soaked SWEATA
LACKE ay siezure
sized a fork di
vision ! ni vista
genética crece ni
sonido sonado the
puzzle fogs and
dribbles on the floor

John M. Bennett

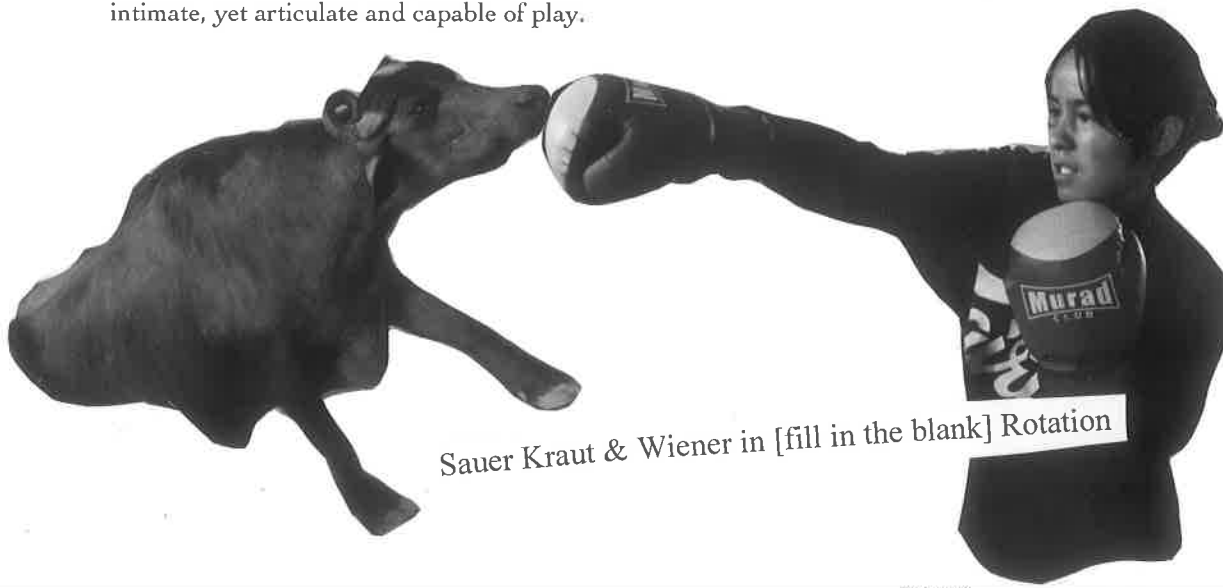
Zine Review

Fiddler's Green: Peculiar Parish Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 3, Sat. Aug. 20, 2016. ed. Clint Marsh. Wonderella: Berkeley, California. Wide Half-Sheet, 36 pp.

The esoteric journal *Fiddler's Green: Peculiar Parish Magazine* came to me in an auspicious manner: unexpected in my mailbox, postmarked from a place where I have no collaborators or correspondents that I could think of (it's taken me so long to get around to writing this that I forget where; Indianapolis?), without any explanation or note. The masthead declares itself, "Art & Magic for Tea-Drinking Anarchists, Convivial Conjurors & Closeted Optimists." The 36-page journal is lovingly designed and produced: printed on folded legal-sized paper for a wide page in three columns, adorned with ornaments and vignettes, with a fold-over green cover densely illustrated with embossed metallic title; it is reminiscent (on a more humble budget) of the finely-crafted radical publications of the Arts & Crafts movement such as Elbert Hubbard's *The Phlistine* and those of William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites. Even the few adverts are consistent with the aesthetic of the whole: a combination of Art Nouveau and neo-Pagan sensibilities. The anarchism mentioned in the title, while strictly on the level of what Bey calls Ontological Anarchism, is genuinely reflected in the ethic of the publication. Work by the editor Clint Marsh is in the public domain, and while donations are welcomed, the entire contents bear witness to the potlatch ethic of the journal. The correspondence section is extensive and speaks both to the sense of community in the readership and the wide range of contexts in which it operates, from hermits without internet access in the rural south to communities of Wiccan prisoners; the ample reviews and extensive obituary notice for Marsh's collaborator Michael Howard reflect the same.

The magazine synthesizes a number of approaches to transforming thought: chaos magic, self-help, pantheist paganism, utopian socialism, hoodoo, psychogeography, traditional occultism, and others. Mitch Horowitz's "Mind Power: A Manifesto" directly addresses this synthesis, arguing convincingly enough that "New Thought" and self-help practices reflect similar epistemological assumptions as traditional hermeticism, and offer legitimate sources for technique, and explores the historical relationships between hermeticism, the Spiritualist movement. I was most excited by the essay "Our Bogeys, Our Shelves: The Magician's Library as Mentor, Companion, and Oracle," unsigned but presumably by Marsh, which is both a bibliographic autobiography and a meditation on bibliomancy and the intertwining of subjectivity and the library. A pair of texts about the symbol of the Sphinx were rather what I might predict, but then too my immersion in Symbolist literature and art may make me a harsher critic here. A text on an apocryphal secret spiritualist society called the Ladies of Happenstance seems to be a fictionalized review of an art exhibition. A short article on the relationship of landscape to the modeling of thought is accompanied by a visual guide to various landscape features, accompanying the point that acquiring a more detailed vocabulary for environmental features will lead to more sophisticated relationships with them. A formula for auto-suggestion by the psychologist Emile Coué from 1922 is also reprinted, and a couple reflective pieces that ring too much of Thoreau for my jaded post-Dadaist sensibilities.

What I find refreshing about the journal is its focus on practical, accessible *practice*, what Horowitz in his manifesto calls, "*a theology of results*." The resulting lack of dogma not only allows the cross-pollination of traditions whose languages and styles of thinking run counter to each other, but also a genuine and deep sense of tradition which speaks as lightly, capable of putting down the baggage of that tradition in order to speak more easily in a tone that is casual, intimate, yet articulate and capable of play.



Olchar E. Lindsann

Sauer Kraut & Wiener in [fill in the blank] Rotation

BE BLUNT

Why After 33 Years a [fill in the blank] Crossed the Urethra Wire

ZAOUM

embolder

mot h m
outh 's
ilencio il
eso ,es e

John M. Bennett

Lick Run

published irregularly since 2012

edited by jim leftwich

all texts and/or images must be black and white
no email submissions accepted
(i can't consistently afford the ink to print them)
all submissions must be sized to
fit the tlp format (4.25" x 5.5")

send to:

JIM LEFTWICH
525 10TH ST SW
ROANOKE, VA USA 24016

i'd like to have the next issue out in
time for AfterMAF festival (July 2017)



Sian Baxter

Shit Town, Shit Fuck (SNN) US Top Shit Total Clump on Sunday shat a shit to the shitters of more than 50 Shit Covered shit stands to shit his shit show for US-Shit Covered shit moves. (shit-leaks trans-shit, pt 1.)

I want to thank the King Shit Ass for his shitty shits, and the shitty Shitdom of Shit Fuck for shitting today's shit show. I am shitted to be shit by such shitty shit heads. I have always heard shit about the shittiness of your shit box and the shit smell of your shit heels, but shits do not do true shit to the shit gloss of this shit slick shit pile and the shit soiled shit care you have shitted to us from the moment we shitted. You also shitted me in the shit rich shitting room of a great shit talker, the first shitter of the Shit Fuck who shitted your great shit faces. Shitting alongside another beloved shitter – Shit Stain, Total Shit, Shit for Brains – King Shit Fuck began the enduring partnership between our two shit stands. King Shit Ass: your shit dad would be so beshitted to see that you are shitting his old shit -- and just as he shit the first shit steps in our partner-shit, today we shit a new shit step that will shit shitting shit fits to all of our shit heads. Let me now also shit my shitty and shit felt shit love to each and every one of the distinguished pieces of shit who were able to shit here today. You shittily shit us with your shit waft, and I send the warmest shartings from my shit stain to yours. I know that our shitting together will shit many holy shits to both your turds and mine.

Warren Fry



Evan Damerow

pat Riot

"edom's bloodless banners way"
-Percy Shelley, "To the Republicans
of North America"

"erventes que le fanatisme religieux et
politique. Que"
-Paul Foucher, "Memoires de Lord Byron"

que// the crupper alter, kept
a,nemia of nations
 ,gnaw yet peacely,
 chal ice ,yet crystal fanning
wh'ere Le Pen dip smears wh
'ere tism gyres ,May b/udded
 au steril/ity ,wh'
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gees, lease flailing ,flags et polite
sse le natic, s treaming p
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-Olchar E. Lindsann

KAMOG!
itnA nuehT Anti-

Musicmaster

rowing her h...

dal masoor ka shorba

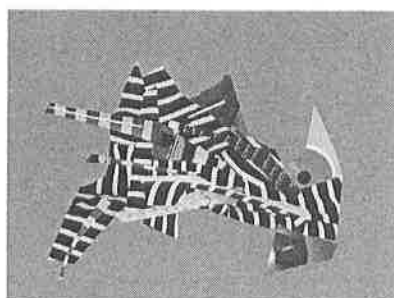
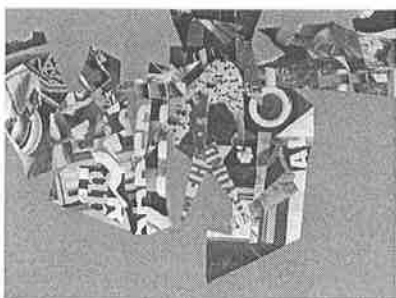
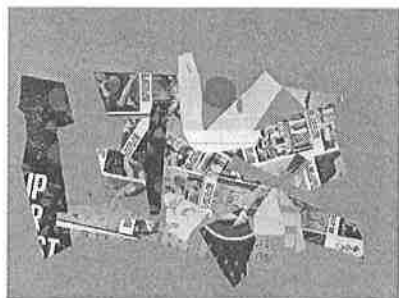
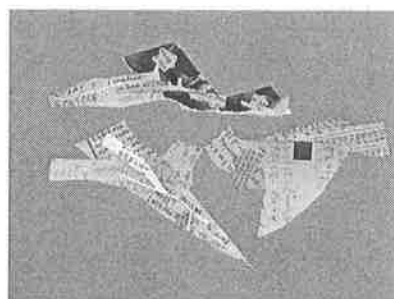
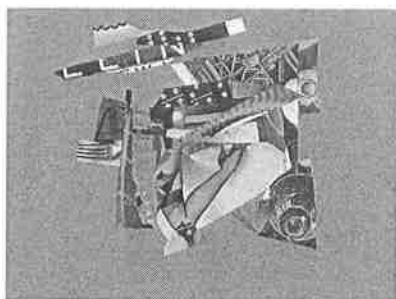
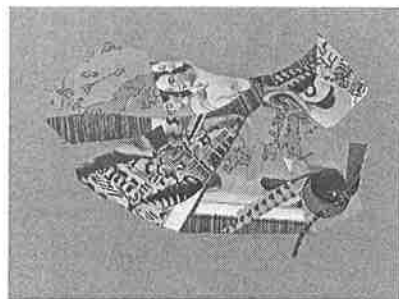
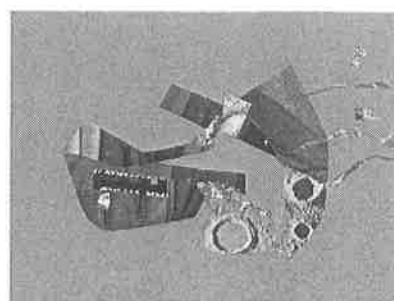
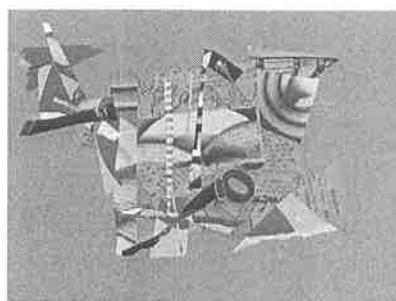
by Evan Damerow

I'm sitting here
on the other end
of the world
drinking the
cheapest bottle
of wine that the
local
supermarket
had available.
I've just
finished doing
all the work for
tonight's dinner.
The chopping
and blanching,
frying and
stirring,
measuring and
mixing is all
done now. A
slow simmer is
taking care of
the rest.

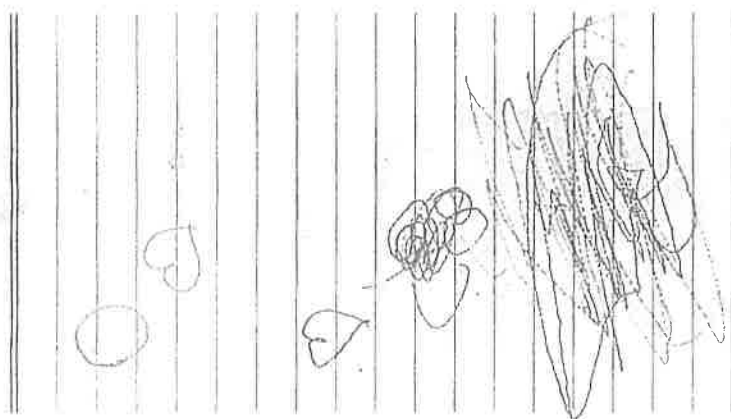
As I rattled my
dags in the
kitchen the two
women that will
share this meal
with me were
busy in the
garage. When I
went out to
check on them
their hands
were covered in
black grease.
They had just
dismantled a
bicycle, packed
it up for
shipping over
seas, a feat I
must admit I
could not
emulate,

So tonight the
guy was in the
kitchen while
the ladies were
out in the
garage doing
mechanical
things. I'm
gladdened that
whatever else is
going on in my
life, this
reversal of the
historically
dominant
gendered
division of
labour feels so
normal and
natural. As I sit
and ponder this
with a half
cocked smile
and a glass of
cheap wine I
ponder its
providence.

The meal I'm
cooking tonight
is an Indian
dish, at least in
some respects.
I'm making a
dal masoor ka
shorba, which
just means sour
red lentil soup.
Its sour comes
from some
lemons growing
outside the front
door of this
terribly cold
flat. Throughout
most of New



Musicmaster



Juanita Chriss

Vim Vom Barr

ex cavation

ever d itched in
hollow gazed a
shattered b owl

beneath a stone rat
tled house talking
earth untied the

mud you watch yr
hands en circle
dig what blood

beneath yr skin is left

John M. Bennett

cont.

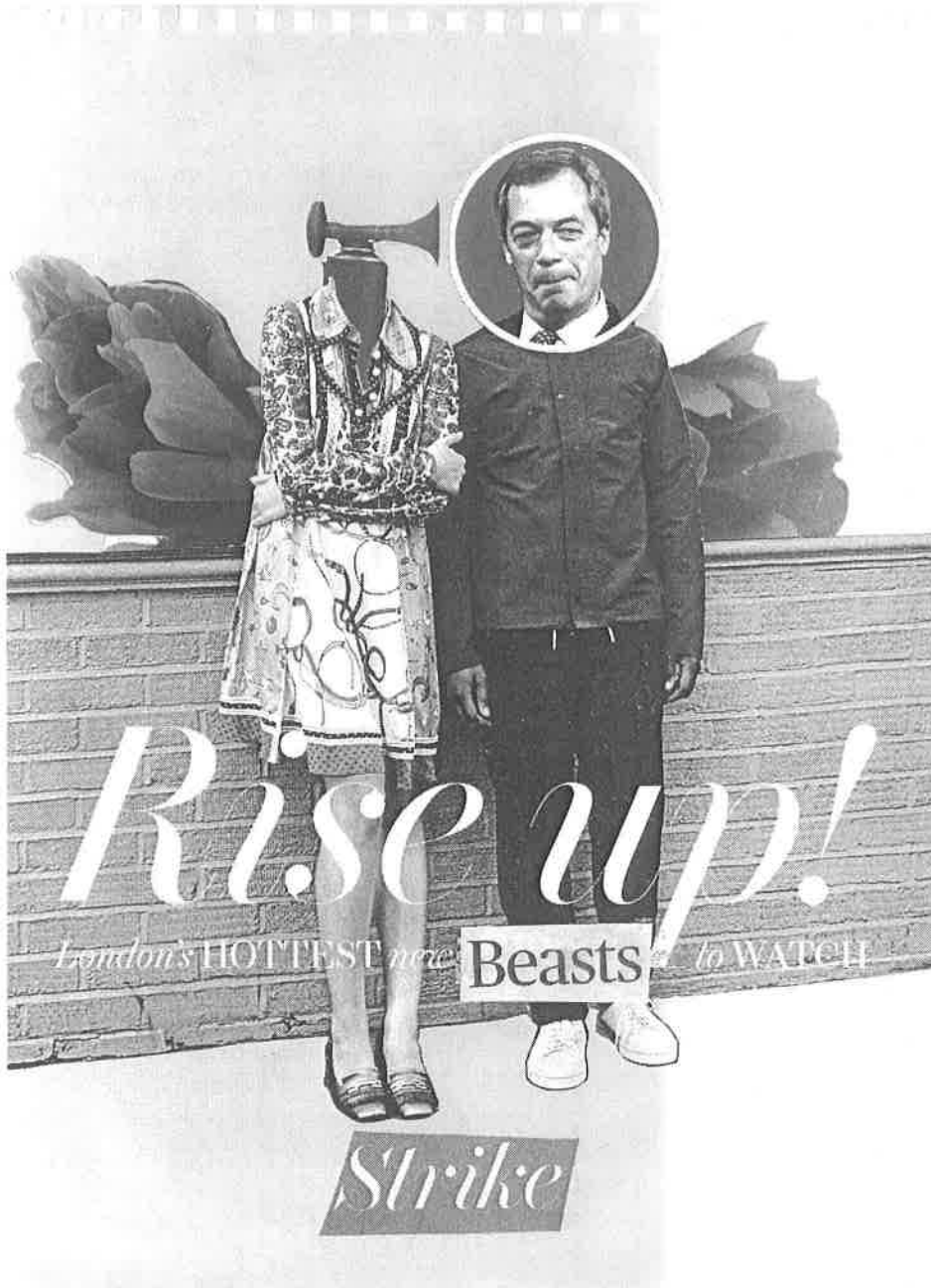
(cont.)

Zealand a frost is almost as unlikely as a rental with insulation, double glazing, or central heating.

My only claim to authenticity when cooking Indian food is I once had an Indian best friend. He and his family lived across the street when I was growing up. For awhile Our families kind of adopted each other. I got to see what growing up in an extended family with a traditional gendered division of labour was like, something totally foreign to my western nuclear family isolate. Any chance I got I lived in their kitchen and watched grandma and the aunts cook. Maybe my mad desire to be in the kitchen was why they always called me 'Crazy Boy'. I watched the aunts cook many things back then but I never saw them make a dal masoor ka shorba.

Food is great. If there was a god of food, I would be a devotee. If there was a god of food, they would be a very modern god. Back when most pantheons were still in high fashion food didn't appear as if by magic in a supermarket. Back then people knew where their food came from, so there were planting gods, harvest gods, gods of fertility and of rain. There were gods of wine, because wine is magic, but there were no gods of food because the magic of food was always elsewhere.

I imagine that any iconic or figurative



Joe Abel

ADHESIVE STRIP

keen fork &
rash shyly &
mocked crotch
corked id &
slick heels &
fraud slinky
sloughed lint &
mug brows &
gap eyes
dyed pink
& mood's ore
& zoo knob
amok mob
runt agape
& hone twigs
& quaint muck
& flag meat
trunk husk
tusk snaps
gator quick
& squall shock
lucky slap &
loll phase
& lap gloss &
ran flaps
shy yurt
furred mouth &
food d/or but
rind singed but
moon's filth but
mask shucks but
drill tone
id phone
sore spoons &
stockings overall

William Repass

plates o' form

the die suit's a' tune shat
toRe gas a seel Fork you knew
seeper short Quails a nore a
tube s lop time :il visera plus
haut)R. Queneau(mas nunc a
a a Float stinks top uh t able's F
leet stop gas PPP off - Reears of
offF - it's duh ham steam Re
foc'd double Toad Leg sops
sky Re lease um it's wood B
loomm. S Nake the drain OUT

John M. Bennett



KUH!



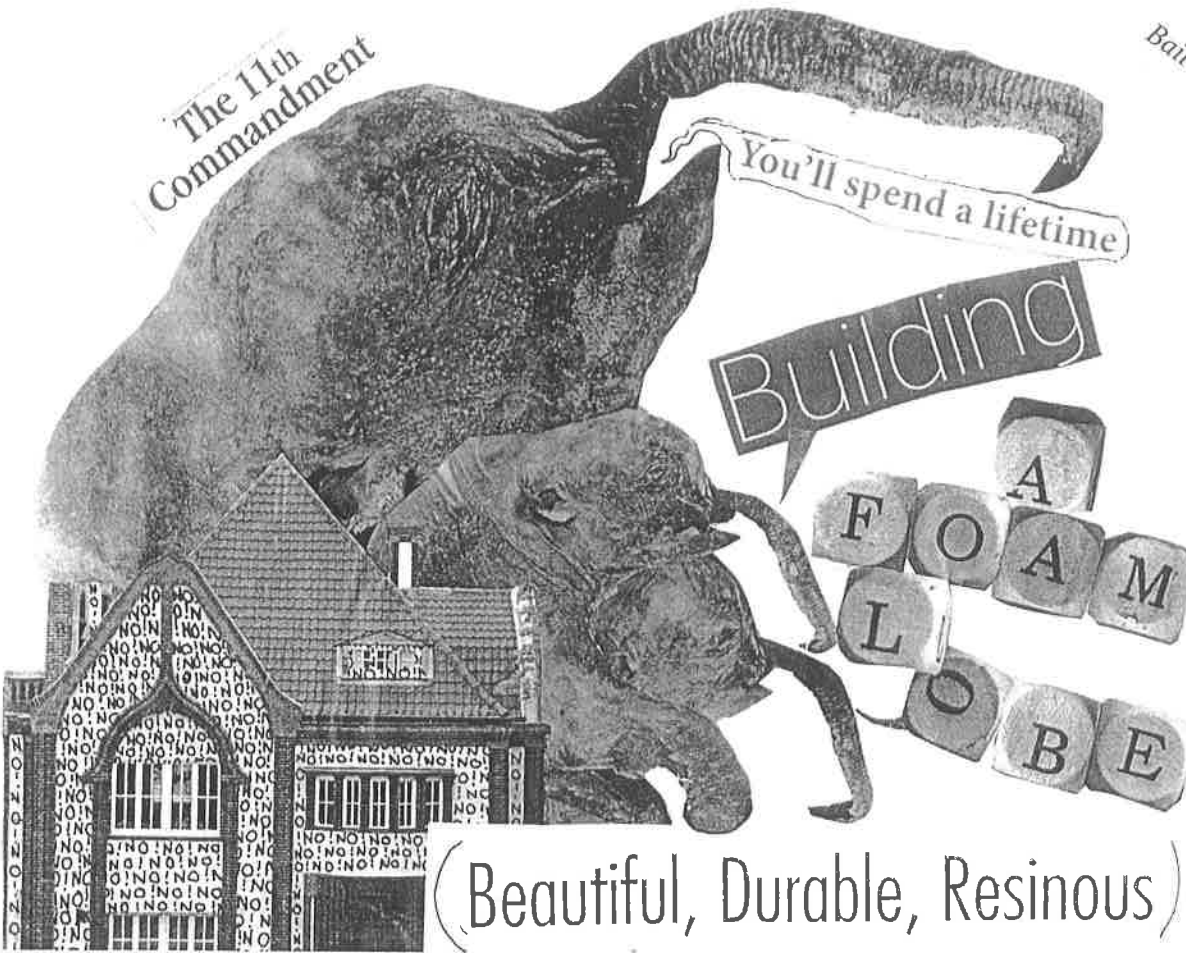
(cont.)



The 11th
Commandment

Bailey Bowers

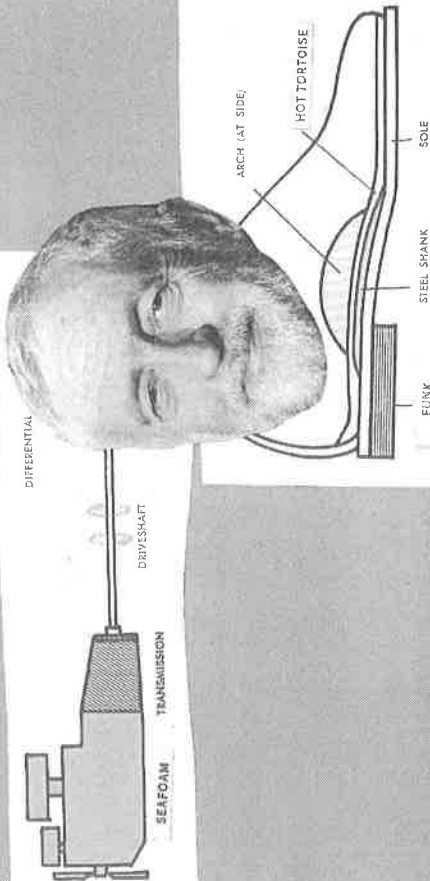
Cont. ↗



Evan Damerow

depiction of a
god of food
would follow
the Hindu
forms, I
imagine they
would be
depicted (the
god of food is
an
Aphrohermes, a
Hermaphrodite)
with 100 arms.
In each arm
they carry a
modern kitchen
implement or
instant food
item; an
oven/stove
combo unit, a
dishwasher, a
mixer, a food
processor, jam
jars, baking
trays and boxes
of cake mix, a
frozen pizza.
Above all else
they are seen to
be carrying a
fridge. Since the
first commercial
application of
refrigeration
saw a shipment
of lamb
transported
from NZ to
England
refrigeration has
become a major
unseen mover
in our
foodways, so
ubiquitous as to
go largely
unnoticed, the
chief invention
to have reduced
the amount of
time required in
the preparation
of food.

WHAT KEEPS A DUCK AFLOAT?



You have the Problems? Have The *Encyclopaedia Britannica or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*

Dr. Yutius

Powerful MERMAID MAN in London who will help you to
find solutions for your problems. Specialist in: **hoofs, horns,**
fingerprints and criminal data & Removal of bad spells who
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slimy snake-like fishes, Immigration & **THE F.B.I.**
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The shaft is filled with pith.

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HALF NOT A JOKE

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now £30

Edwin Birch

In the west our
motivations to
tend veggie
patches, make
preserves, eat
with the
seasons, or store
food away for
fallow times
have changed
considerably.
We garden and
make preserves
for the pleasure
of the foods
produced, or the
enjoyment of
the activity. We
eat with the
seasons as a
declaration of
social status, or
adherence to a
social trend. We
stock food
because we're
scared Barry is
going to try and
steal all the
bullets away, or
the zombies
will sweep
down from the
hillsides, or the
commies are
gonna come
after us from a
secret base
they've been
holed up in on
the far side of
the moon. But
then maybe we

Cont. ↘

cont.

don't have to be conspiracy nut preppers to worry that one day the food god is going to be displeased and his temple, the supermarket, will lie barren. Once upon a time we did things because if we didn't do them, we weren't going to eat.

I imagine the refrigerator as an object worthy of veneration. I'd like to see this world get to where we're all okay with our guys in the kitchen slaving over a hot stove while our gals are in the tool shed fixing stuff and getting their hands dirty, heading into the kitchen only long enough to saunter over to the fridge for another beer and to ask if dinner is almost ready. I'm no research historian or anthropologist, but I have an intuitive hunch that the current ubiquity of refrigeration and the invention and widespread adoption of the many domestic labour saving devices by every segment of society has contributed a great deal to enabling a couple of generations of western women to escape from societally mandated domestic servitude. Why slave in the kitchen when there's frozen pizza? Frozen pizza comes from the food god.

Evan Damerow

Musicmaster

Order for Taco Times and Traditional [fill in the blank]

Food:

things for

through the consumption of food we stave off death and gain the energy to do things NOTES:

- I'm pretty sure this is generally considered by most to be a good thing, for the most part
- some things feel better in your mouth than others, and chewing can be fun
- If not fun outright, it can at least give you a sense of purpose (added ambience?)

taste is enjoyed by a great number of people. Is this you?

it can be fun to get together with people and try to engage in conversations as you chew most donuts all fried chicken cheezits, arnotts cheds and cheese flavoured crackers generally (sorry anti-lacto gluten freedom-fighters)

things against

inconsistent distribution food production, distribution, and consumption as it currently exists NOTES:

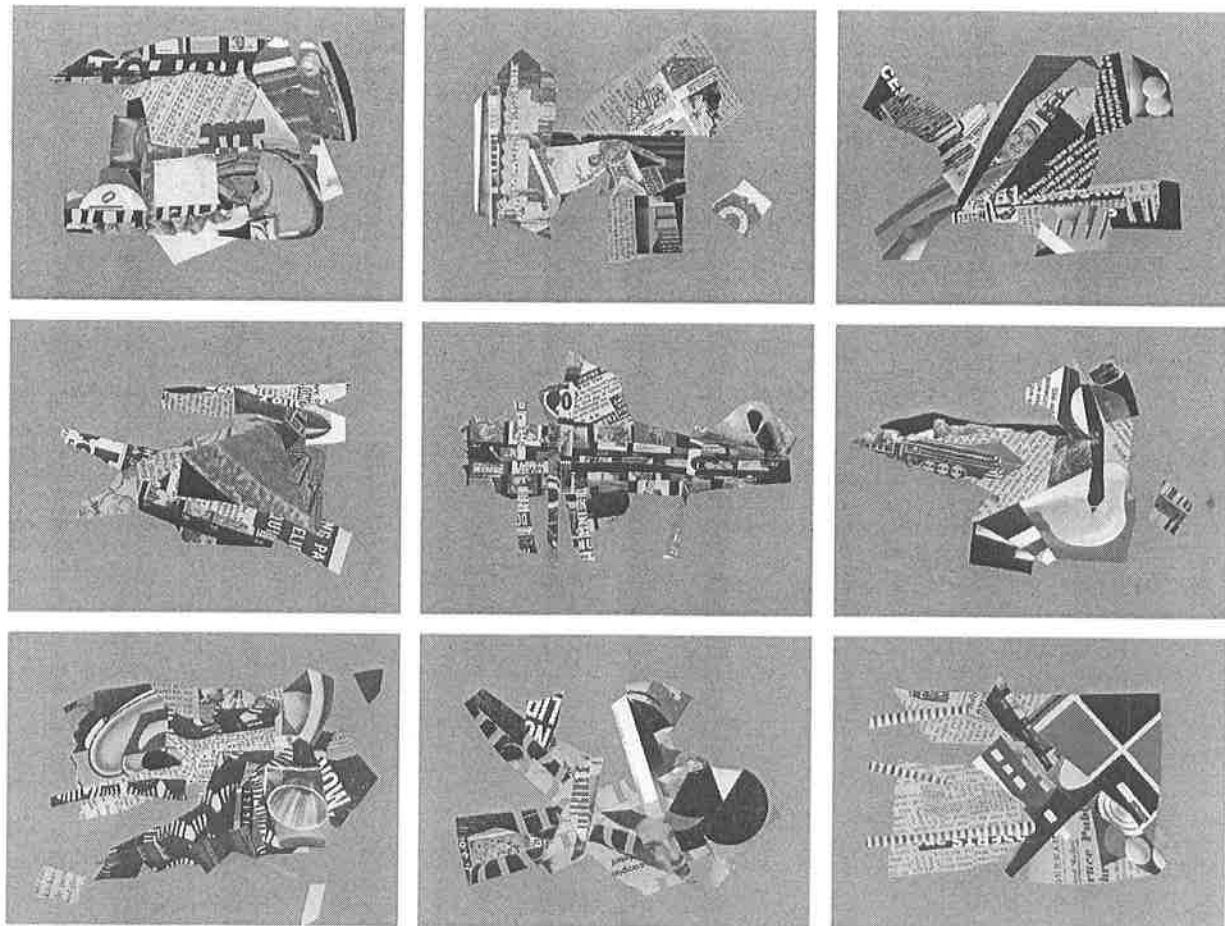
- industrialised food production and distribution processes required to feed population (except those we don't like) means we don't know where food comes from, how to produce food, what a season is, how to lay up food for winter, etc., so next time some fucked up shit happens we're all going to kak, except for the preppers, who will live at least a couple decades longer on their MREs til their hearts explode from too much sodium consumption
- food "movements" that aim to "combat" these woes that are really just markers of class and prestige (farm to table, shopping at wholefoods, organic, list too long and boring)

food as s of class and prestige the neonatiolberconservothanaticritisation of our foodways fucking hipsters and their food fucking preppers and their food hippies loud eaters chomping with their mouths open getting mess all over my nice white tableclothes chocolate humus pink pineapples

things I'm unsure about

mayonnaise our ability to support 7 billion people - food as an enabler semi-popped popcorn stuck in your teeth

Donald W. McKay



Matt Taggart/Luer and Jason Soliday at Art Rat, May 23, 2017

Matt Taggart played at Art Rat studios on Tuesday. This is the fourth time he has played in Roanoke and the second time he has performed at Art Rat. For the earlier three visits he was on tour with Crank Sturgeon, but this time he was accompanied by Jason Soliday.

The first time he visited Roanoke, on May 12, 2010, he performed a series of fluxus event scores at The Water Heater during Collab Fest 46, including one on the sidewalk in front of the performance space:

zyklus, by tomas schmit:
water pails or bottles are placed around the perimeter of a circle. only one is filled with water. performer inside the circle picks the filled vessel and pours it into the one on the right, then picks the one on the right and pours it into the next one on the right, etc., till all the water is spilled or evaporated. (date unknown, probably early 1960s)

(Matt Anderson's Crank Sturgeon project for that night included stuffing 30-gallon garbage bags into his pants legs and filling them with water, then walking around outside and interacting with car vacuums and whatever else he came across). We stayed up late at my house talking about fluxus and related matters and Matt and I began corresponding when he got back to his home in Montana. The idea of writing collaborative event scores quickly became part of our conversation and before the year was out we had written a small book entitled Paired Event Scores. Here is one example:

psychogeographical game of the week #003

jim leftwich

walk from your house to the nearest copy shop
pick up trash along the way
do something with it
do something else with it

psychogeographical game of the week #003.1

matt taggart

walk from your house to the farthest copy shop
pick up trash along the way
place trash in every garbage bin in copy shop

By the time of his second visit on May 21 of 2013 the Collab Fest series had ended and we were no longer using the Water Heater performance space, so over the course of several emails the two Matts

and I decided to begin with a house show at my house and finish with some collectively improvised antics where the Roanoke River runs through Wasena Park. Among other minimalist pieces, Matt Taggart performed a kind of fluxus ritual in my living room which consisted of placing a violin on a foil sheet on the floor and then taping the strings, placing candles along the length of the instrument and lighting them. The Crank Sturgeon performance included "bailing out the river" by writing a check on a huge sheet of paper for the sum of 1 trillion dollars ("pay to the order of The Roanoke River"), wading out into the river with it (assisted by Olchar Lindsann), and setting it adrift on the current.

I don't recall any water-related activities when the two Matts returned to Roanoke on September 19, 2015 and performed for the first time at Art Rat. It struck me during the PCRv performance that the structure of the piece seemed like it might owe a bit to Matt's work as a bassist in conventional musical settings. The idea was accepted as a valid perception when we talked about it at my house after the show.

On the night before his latest visit, Matt and Jason Soliday had a show in Dayton, OH, a six hour drive from Roanoke. It rained all day, which is another water-related event (or pre-event), making a long drive no doubt seem even longer. The Art Rat event was scheduled for 7, as usual, and also as usual (at least in my experience... for an array of reasons my attendance at these events has been sporadic at best of late) the first couple of hours consisted of random, scattered conversations (conversations before, between and after events have been essential components of those events ever since the first marginal arts festival in February 2008). Matt was the first person Sue and I saw when we arrived at the Art Rat space. We talked for a while about his move from Montana to Massachusetts and back to Montana last year, he explained his decision to create a new project, Luer, to replace PCRv (or maybe it would be more accurate to say supplement, since he told me the doesn't think he's entirely finished with PCRv).

When Matt got involved with his sound check I wandered across the room to join the conversation with Ralph Eaton and Warren Fry. Shortly thereafter I was approached by Annie Waldrop, a local painter who I had seen at events but didn't know and had never had an actual conversation with. She asked me if I had seen the film Kill Your Darlings (I haven't, but I have read about it and the events it covers) and from there we moved immediately into a discussion of "the new vision" which led to a long conversation about poetry, the arts, post-World War II countercultures and many related matters. This is the kind of thing that happens at these events. It's an essential part of what's important about them.

The next day at my house I asked Matt about the significance of the word Luer, which I wasn't familiar with (Wikipedia: The Luer taper is a standardized system of small-scale fluid fittings used for making leak-free connections between a male-taper fitting and its mating female part on medical and laboratory instruments, including hypodermic syringe tips and needles or stopcocks and needles. (Matt works as a Phlebotomist.)), and after a precise and practical definition he and Jason went off on a bit of an associational improvisation on the word (fishing lure being a favorite, with the notion of luring audience



Look them up! Learning to knit & eat in August...

members in during a performance, but there was also the suggestion from someone at an earlier show that it could be an anagram for "rule").

Meeting Jason was one of the highlights of this particular visit. Whenever Matt comes to town he stays at my house. I spend maybe half-an-hour watching and listening to him perform, and then, between the late night after the show and the next morning before he leaves, we spend five or six hours talking. On previous visits these conversations have been between the two Matts and myself, but this was the first time I had met Jason. During this visit, the three of us talked about process and control in noise performance and in writing, about parallel histories and micro-tours, about museums vs libraries, about the Witch Museum in Cleveland which includes in its collection a box with a demon in it, we agreed that neither experimental music nor writing is actually experimental, and Jason gave me a copy of his Convolution Hive box (in return for which I gave him a unique copy of my Improvisations Against Propaganda). I haven't had a chance to listen to the Convolution Hive cassette yet, but I've been through the booklet several times: black, lightly textured cover, not quite square -- four and a half by four and five eighths inches --, side-stapled twice, 12 translucent pages, on the left the titles of the pieces on the cassette (skull - shill : diesel reflex, running : pivot dismiss : funhouse graft : wasp dimensions : bunched, hiss : floated snares : scavenger pylon: vile electric spoke : terrace gears blown : cursed, A posts : minimal in gnawing), on the right a composition -- a "pile" -- of angular shapes, with variations from page to page, possibly a manipulated photograph of pallets and loose planks leaning against a wall, in any case iterations of a kind of constructivist abstraction. (I recall while proofreading this that Jason mentioned Kandinsky's compositions when we were talking about varieties of graphic scores and their possible art-historical influences.) The last page gives the names of the two sides of the cassette as Hallucigenia I and Hallucigenia II.

Matt gave me a copy of the Luer cd entitled Torpid Removal. It begins in a harsh mode reminiscent of PCRV, but about two minutes in it becomes ambient and -- dare we say so in such a context -- beautiful. Noise evolves. My ability to listen to noise evolves. I am reading the text on the back of the cd sleeve as I listen: "occasionally so. They vary much in size in different individuals." Matt mentioned outer space a couple of times in relation to the music of Luer. Taking that as a kind of permission (we talked at length about the idea of giving ourselves permission to do the kind of work we want to do, and by implication to live the kind of lives we want to live, in a cultural context that is not designed to reward us for doing what we want to do), I am going to say that some of what I am hearing from Luer on this cd is closer to Hawkwind than it is to Throbbing Gristle. I return to the text on the back of the cd sleeve: "There is sometimes a small vein passing through the foramen of Vesalius connecting the same parts." I gave him a copy of Volume One of Rascible & Kempt, with the following inscription: To Matt / In Roanoke /

05.24.2017 / You are welcome here any time.

jim leftwich

05.25.2017

Novels and Consonants [fill in the blank] When Zen Driving

Roanoke Anti-Report: May/June or so, A.Da. 101 (2017)

Amtrak is on the way! That's right, if the shifty contractors speak true, this Rail Town will finally have passenger Rail Service by October (just as the Rail Shops close and leave, along with their jobs), thus ushering Roanoke into the glorious future promised to us in 1835. Much, much more importantly, things are shifting into rickety high-gear here Big, Big Lick for AfterMAF 2017—our third year, and jam-packed with performances, noise, poetry, films, lectures, comedy, installation, food, and all things Avant- or Sur- or Anti- or A- (*Don't miss it, folks!*), July 6–9. Issue #7 of the in-Appropriated will be devoted to AfterMAF and feature work by many of the regional and visiting participants. It will be quite the clusterfuck. The next issue of *Lick Run*, the micro-journal perpetrated by Jim Leftwich & sometimes Wilhelm Katastrof, will also feature an AfterMAF issue. Send him stuff! Much to my surprise, Jim's advert in the last issue brought in no submissions. (I'm getting to mine, I swear, Jim!)

Juanita Chriss has said ***fuck you!*** to statistics and is already reciting the alphabet, spinning out short sentences, and contributing drawings to shitty, disreputable zines, as you can see in this issue. She is also learning to bite her parents, a skill that she will have ample opportunity and cause to make use of over the coming years.

A less precocious child, Mr. Trump, has said ***fuck you!*** to the future of basically everything, and has launched a twitter campaign to set the national parks aflame, after plugging up every geyser in Yellowstone with a nuclear missile, as he stands boldly atop the tallest, most phallic, and leakiest of them all, fiddling–fiddling–fiddling like a madman. Theresa May, smarting from a Pyrrhic victory, is beginning to think she'd like to join him there. Betsy DeVry—sorry, I mean, DeVoss—is busily dismantling public education, so that his Herostratusian eulogy shall be readable only the few children of the elites to survive the class war that everybody seems intent upon seducing to our collective bed. Meanwhile, everybody knows everything about the Russians. Just ask.

Art Rat Studios has been the catalyst for a lot of chaos lately, with a ton of touring performers: Matt Taggart returned to Roanoke again with a new noise project *Luer & J. Soliday* (see Leftwich's report in this issue); Divorce Ring and Virgin Flower brought some ear-sizzling harsh noise; CGI Jesus from Richmond delivered a set of high-energy jazz that fell into metal rhythms and structures for large portions of their last piece; In the Sea (Tristan Honsinger, Nicolas Caloia, and Joshua Zubot) pulled their music in a net of directions. The show with the latter two, already bubbling, was made yet more memorable by the manifestation of the legend: Matt Ames turned up unexpected, direct from Saudi Arabia, riding a camel and hauling a huge, rusty trash-dumpster full of raw oil.

Even more exciting, more like minds (read: twisted, unmatched minds) continue to find each other here in Roanoke, largely through Art Rat. The last couple months have featured sophisticated and mesmerizing sonic performances by SW Virginia acts Feralsan (Wayne Llewelyn), Khate Reutling, Tater Fraterbo (Jacob Lotti Courington), Neural Necrosis (Andrew Matthews), and softservo (Benton Spiker), as well as the band Omega Wolf.

It's up up up with the Roanoke Anti-Scene, and (I fear) down down down with the world as a whole. We carry on: ***Vim Vom Vim!***

Har

blit blat blit blat blit blat blit blat blit blat

**DON'T MISS THE 3RD ANNUAL
AVANT-GARDE EXTRAVAGANDAGANZA:**



**FEATURING PERFORMANCES , LECTURES , FILMS , SOUNDS , MOVEMENTS ,
MEALS , ACTIVITIES , SITUATIONS , CONVERSATIONS & INTERVENTIONS**

From Across the Country:

Be Blank Consort (Sound Poetry) / John M. Bennett (Columbus, OH Performance Poetry) / Catherine Mehrl Bennett (Columbus, OH Performance) / Tom Cassidy, a.k.a. Musicmaster (Minneapolis, MN Avant-Comedy & Drinking) / Cilla Vee (Asheville, NC dance) / bela b. Grimm (Columbus, OH Post-Neo Collage) / GX Jupiter Larsen (Hollywood, CA Film) / Al Margolis (Chester, NY Free Improv) / Wayne Nelson (Minneapolis, MN Film) / Crank Sturgeon (Portland, ME Noise & Performance) / Reid Wood (Oberlin, OH Performance) / Jonah Woodstock (Guilford, NC Performance Poetry & Film) / Jack Wright (Easton, PA Improv) / Walter Wright (Lowell, MA Noise)

From Roanoke & Environs:

At the Moment No Idea, (Free Improv) / Megan Blafas-Chriss (Futurist Meal) / Bradley Chriss (Performance) / Brian Counihan (Puppets & Banners) / Ralph Eaton (Art Ratmosphere) / Feralcatscan (Noise) / Wilhelm Katastrof (Noise) / Olchar E. Lindsann (Sound Poetry) / Cambria McMillan-Zapf (Dance) / Neural Necrosis (Noise) / Khate Reutling (Noise) / Softservo (Noise) / Stool Sample (Noise) / Tater Fraterabo (Noise) / Mr. Thursday (Performance) / Jules Vasylenko (Free Improv) / and other

Thursday, July 6 —Sunday, July 9

~^~^~^~@~@ **Art Rat Studios, Roanoke VA** ~@~^~^~^~

Presented by Associated Organisations, PseudOrganasations, & AntiOrganisations:

Luna Bisonte Prods / mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press / Philosophy Inc / Post-NeoAbsurdist Antihood, Roanoke Lodge / Roanoke Rat Bastard Society / Star City Shadow School / Musicmaster & Tim Yaddow Anti-Endowments

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Amy Oliver



FEAR, TSARINA

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schist LP chant yacking in shine
touch extrinsic chair, flour tin exeunt
the glass of its can't going chaise
she can no lounge pistol a sea novel
as an imperial thumb tacks "and"
and the can-can ball peen d'Angleterre
voles up in your house, ly

trePan

"he *desideratum* of the thought which one
despairs of attaining, and all the grace,
buoy"

-Théophile Gautier, *Spirit Love* (1877)

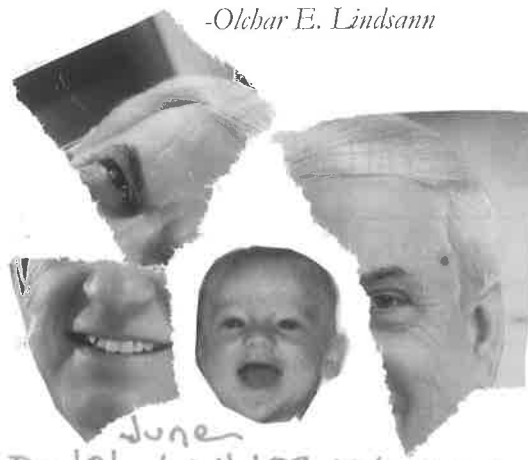
"y spew dreams in a
lake, yanked from my skull like a"

-John M. Bennett, *Milk Drool* (1991)

leak gracefully
at aiming etherly, frought
blaesd where'e'er yet
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trashfully as
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bellum in long columns vapor-flipped
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icecap nervestem, coal
industrial fragonard flitting featherly to
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reams scaped ozone
like a trepanned skull

-Olchar E. Lindsann

William Repass



June
A.D. 101 / A.H. 187 / A.D. 2017

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press